

FRONTISPIECE.



Emmeline afraid of a Fly.

see Page 75

STORIES

BY A MOTHER,

FOR

THE USE OF HER OWN CHILDREN.

With copper-plate Engravings.

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PRINTED FOR DARTON, HARVEY, AND CO. GRACECHURCH

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STORIES, &c.

STORY I.

The Eldest Sister.

MRS. BANKS was a lady who lived in a very pretty country-house, where she gave up her whole time to the care of her two little girls, Rosa and Agnes. Rosa was six years old, and Agnes was only four. Rosa could read French and English pretty well for her age, and little Agnes, who was not so clever for her years as Rosa, was just able to read words of one syllable.

She was a nice little girl, but she had a very sad trick of crying for any little thing that happened to displease her. If her garter was untied, if her hair was brushed, she cried ;—if the maid, whom her mamma kept on purpose to dress and take care of her, did not do what she asked her as soon as she spoke to her, she did not wait a minute with patience, till she had time to attend to her, or repeat the question again, but burst into tears, and cried so much, that neither her Mamma, nor her maid, could make out what she said.

This manner of behaving was, I must confess, very tiresome ; but, at the same time, her Mamma, although she often punished and chid the child for it, yet

she carefully avoided any thing that could tease her more than was needful. The maid also took pains not to vex her, if she could help it; and as Rosa was a clever and very often a good child, I should have thought, and so, I dare say, would you, that she would have done all she could to have helped her little sister to cure this fault in her temper, and to hide her faults from her Mamma.

But although Rosa was very sorry when Agnes was in a scrape, yet, I am sorry to say, she took no pains to prevent her getting into it: she was herself very often in a passion, as I intended telling you in another story; but she did not pity her little sister's fault, which was very wrong, and not like a

little girl who had a good Mamma, who took a great deal of pains with her, to make her good.

One day, after they had read and looked at the map, and been very good all day, they were playing in one corner of the room, whilst their Mamma was busy writing at her desk : little Agnes had placed all her toys on a chair, and nothing vexed her more than when any one moved what she had placed in order. Now, had Rosa been a kind sister, she would have made it a point, not to derange the things that Agnes had taken pains to arrange ; but instead of so doing, she took her own doll and placed it on the chair Agnes had chosen.

The little girl began to cry, as usual,

and tried to push her sister away ; but, not being so strong as Rosa, she could not move her, and Rosa kept quite stiff in the place. Agnes on this grew more cross than ever, and not only threw her sister's wax doll on the ground, and broke it in twenty pieces, but slapped and pinched her as hard as she could. Rosa feeling the pain, and seeing her poor dear doll quite spoiled, fell into one of her passions ; and, I am sorry to say, forgot the duty of an elder sister, so far as to hit Agnes a slap in return.

Her Mamma hearing the screams and noise, turned round, and asked what was the matter : “ Rosa,” said she, “ come here, I know you scorn to tell me an untruth, and therefore I beg to

hear the whole of this affair from first to last."

Rosa grew very red, and held down her head; for she felt that although her sister had been the most to blame, yet she had not behaved as her dear Mamma would have done in her place, and she was sure her Mamma would be angry with her; and as she loved her Mamma very much, she felt very sorry she had done what was wrong. She told the whole truth, however, because she knew that it was still more faulty to tell an untruth.

Her Mamma said, when she had done, "This is a sad story, Rosa, and I am quite sorry that I cannot praise you, as I should have done, had you

been kind to your little sister: as for Agnes, I shall banish her from the room for the rest of the day." Mrs. Banks then rang the bell, and when the servant came in, she ordered the maid to be sent into the room, and when she came, she told her to take Agnes up stairs, and to keep her in her own room all day; and when dinner was ready, Mrs. Banks sent it up to her on a plate, instead of allowing her to dine at table in the parlour, as usual.

Rosa remained down stairs, but her mamma took no notice of her: she helped her at dinner to all that was proper for her to have, but she did not talk to her as she did at other times;

and Rosa saw plainly that her Mamma was much displeased with her, and she could not be happy all day ; besides which, she felt much vexed that poor Agnes was in disgrace, and thought, if she had been kind to her, and given way to her, at first, that the poor little thing would have been happy, and she herself much happier, as her dear Mamma would then have looked at her kindly, and have loved her as much as ever. The tears came in her eyes every time she looked at her Mamma, or thought of her sister ; and at last she could bear it no longer, and she ran to her Mamma, and throwing her arms round her neck, begged her to forgive her, and to pardon little Agnes, and



Rosa begged to be forgiven.

allow her to come down stairs again and play.

Mrs. Banks kissed her and forgave her; and, taking her on her lap, spoke to her thus: "This time, my dear Rosa, I will forgive you; but the next time such a thing happens, I shall not love you, or talk to you, as I do at other times, for at least a week; for as you are wiser than your sister, it is your duty to take care of her, and not to make her more tiresome than she is in general; but now I give you leave to fetch her down, and tell her how sorry you are that you vexed her, and that you have asked me to forgive her."

Rosa ran up stairs with great joy, and brought down her little sister. Mrs.

Banks kissed Agnes, and took her on her lap, and told Rosa to go to the book-case and bring her Dr. Watts's hymn-book. A very good man Dr. Watts was, who took the trouble to write many little songs and hymns for children. Mrs. Banks opened the book at that sweet little song, on the love brothers and sisters ought to feel for one another; which begins, "Whatever brawls disturb the street, there should be peace at home," and read it to them; and Rosa asked her Mamma to repeat it several times to her, and as she was a very quick child at learning, she soon knew it by heart, and was so much pleased with it, she determined to think of the little hymn, whenever she was tempted to be

in a passion with her little sister, when the child was tiresome.

It happened some little time after, that Agnes took her sister's stool, instead of her own: Rosa told her of it, and begged her to get up and give it to her. Agnes sat tight on the stool, and, as usual, began to cry.—Rosa was beginning to push her off, when she thought of the little song, and the colour came in her cheeks, to think how nearly she had forgotten all that her good Mamma had said, and what she had promised. She ceased pushing her sister, gave her a kiss, and said, “You are very welcome, little dear, to keep my stool, if you like it better than your own.” Agnes thanked her sister, and Rosa was quite sur-

prised when she got up, and said, “thank you, sister Rosa, but I will learn to be good like you, and follow your example, and therefore give you back your stool.”

Soon after Mrs. Banks came into the room, and the maid told her how very good Miss Rosa had been, and what a happy effect her conduct had produced on her little sister. Oh! how pleased was Mrs. Banks to think her dear Rosa had been so attentive to all she had said to her. She clasped her in her arms, and kissed her several times. “Now, my Rosa,” said she, “I see you really love me, because you take pains to please me, and remember all I say to you; and you see how useful you now are to your little sister. I thank you very much for

your kindness, and love you better than ever. You will spare me much trouble by this means."

Thus, you see, eldest sisters may be of great use to their little ones, if they will but conquer their own passions; and, on the contrary, they do them much harm, when they set them bad examples.

STORY II.

*Greediness Cured.*

How very disagreeable it is to see children whose thoughts appear to be occupied a great deal about eating and drinking. Meat and drink are given us to keep us alive and well ; but if out of greediness we eat and drink more than we ought, instead of being of use to us, it will, on the contrary, make us sick, and then physic is necessary to save our lives ; and, were I a little boy or girl, I would much rather give up the sweet

things, cakes, or sugar-plums, or any thing I liked very much, than run the risk of taking nasty bitter physic afterwards. Little girls, I am happy to say, are very seldom greedy ; for as they are more delicate than boys, they ought to be less like pigs. But boys I have often seen very greedy, and more like pigs than children : and I never can see a child fighting and scrambling for any thing to eat, without thinking of that animal.

William Barker was the son of Mr. and Mrs. Barker, and was about five years old. He was a very fine boy ; but was so very fond of eating, that he often had the head-ache, the stomach-ache,

and many other disagreeable complaints. One day a gentleman dined at his Papa's, and looked with surprise at William's manner of eating; how greedily he gobbled, how full he stuffed his mouth, and asked for more before it was empty. The gentleman said nothing, but he looked quite disgusted.

After dinner they walked out, round his Papa's farm, and when they came to the farm-yard, they stopped to see the calves fed, and having looked at the hens and chickens, and geese and ducks, they peeped through the gate of the pig-stye, and looked at the pigs. The farm-maid was just giving them their supper, and they were fighting, screaming, and pushing one another, to

get at, the trough where their meat was put.

The gentleman looked at them some time, and then burst out in a fit of laughter. Mr. Barker asked him what he laughed at, and he said, "Why, I beg your pardon, my dear Sir, but really these pigs put me so much in mind of Master William at his dinner, that, I believe, if he was my boy, I should send him to dine with these animals, instead of letting him sit at table with me."

William grew as red as fire, and walked off, quite ashamed to look up, and began to cry at the thoughts of being reckoned, by his father's friends, like a

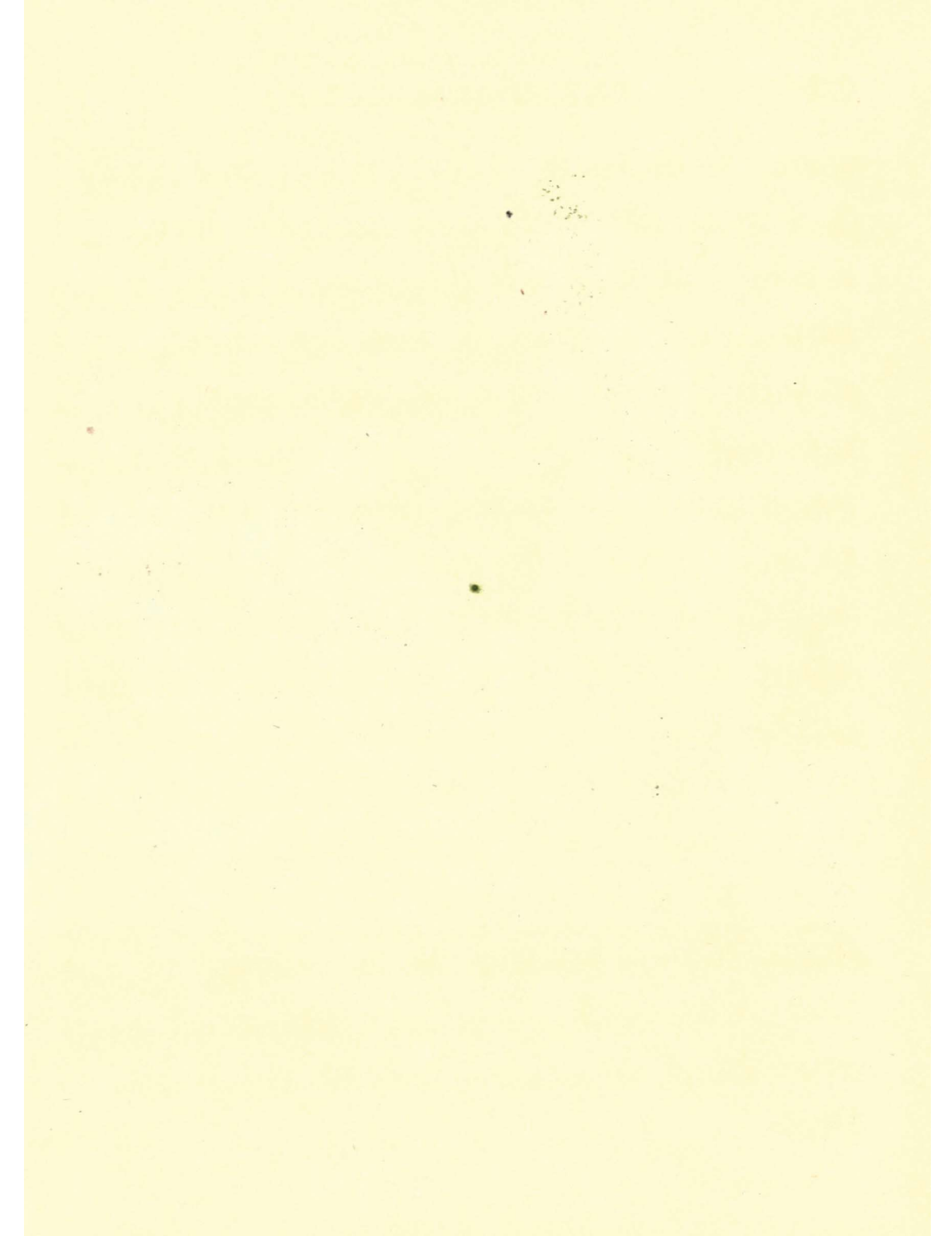
pig ; but the next day he did not eat in the same greedy manner, and his Papa said, “ I am glad to see, William, that you have taken the hint which that gentleman gave you, and that you eat to-day like a good little boy, instead of a pig.”

For some days after this, William continued to eat very well, and not too much ; for whenever he thought of the pigs, he checked himself if he was inclined to do a greedy trick, and for many days his Papa was quite pleased with him. He asked the same gentleman to dine again at his house, and William took great pains to eat slow, and not too much, so that the gentleman was quite surprised at his altered behaviour.

He kept this good resolution some weeks, when one day there happened to be a cherry-pudding for dinner ; and a very good dish it is, I must own. I love it very much myself ; but then I like to eat it not so as to make myself sick, but to be moderate in that, and in every thing else. The first dish at table was a roasted fowl, which William liked also. He eat a great deal of it, and when the cherry-pudding came in, he was sorry he had eaten so much fowl. That was greedy enough, for as long as we are not hungry for want of food, it is enough ; but it is still more greedy to eat more than we can digest.

His Papa helped him once, and even twice, to pudding, only saying, “ take

care, William, you do not eat too much ; this is a heavy dish, and you have already made a good dinner." William, however, insisted on having more, and eat till he felt quite uncomfortable in his stomach. After dinner, instead of feeling light, and being able to run about as usual, he felt quite heavy, and towards night a sick head-ache came on : he went up stairs and lay down on his bed, and fell asleep. When he awoke, his head ached very badly, and he was quite sick at his stomach. Tea-bell rang, and he tried to go down and to take a cup of milk ; but as soon as he tasted it, he turned so sick, that he was unable to swallow it, or to get out of the room in time.





William takes the Rhubarb.

Think how disgusting to all the company! they were all quite sick. His Mamma, however, went with him to his nurse, and he was forced to drink a large quantity of warm water, to clear his stomach; and the next morning he was ordered to take a large cup-full of rhubarb and magnesia, which has a very unpleasant taste.

Now, as I have told you what William did which was naughty, I must also tell you the good part of his behaviour. When he saw the rhubarb, he was quite vexed at the thoughts of taking it; but his Mamma told him she should take it as a favour if he would take it without being forced: if he would, she should know he loved her; if not, though very

sorry so to do, she should force him with a large horn, such as the servants in the stable used for the horses.

William, who loved his Mamma, and knew that nothing vexed her more than to be angry with him, shut his eyes and held his nose, and putting the cup to his mouth, drank all the mixture at one draught; and did not stop to sip it, and sip it, for half an hour together, as if it was something very nice, which makes the taste last much longer, and makes Mammams and nurses very much vexed, at not seeing what is necessary to be taken, drank up at once.

Therefore, you see, though William was wrong in being greedy, he was a very good boy to take the physic at

once, to please his good Mamma; and the consequence was, that he got well very soon, and he took care never again to be greedy, and to eat too much, and grew up a nice clever boy, and had no more head-aches, or stomach-aches. Thus ends the story of the greedy boy cured.

STORY III

Shyness.

I do not know any trick more provoking to Papas and Mammias, who take great pains about their children, than to see them refuse to do what they can do, and what they do at all times when alone.

George, Louisa, Donald, and Mary, were four children belonging to a friend of mine, who took great pains to teach them every thing they ought to know, and had great pleasure in seeing them

conduct themselves like good children. Louisa was six years old, George five, Mary four, and Donald three. The two boys had learnt many little hymns and pieces in verse, to repeat by heart, and could say several very well. The two girls had very pretty voices, and could repeat a number of little verses, both in English and French, so well, that their Mamma was quite pleased. They were always taught to come into the room, and kiss any one who was there, or shake hands with them, or, at least, ask how they did, or answer, if spoken to, in a gentle, pleasant tone of voice. And when alone with their Papa, Mamma, or nurse, they did all this like very good

children ; but whenever there were any strangers in the room, which happened very often, they seemed the most disagreeable children it is possible to imagine. George, who had very fine blue eyes, and a pretty mouth, would hold down his head when told to look up, so that his eyes might as well have been green as blue, and pouch out his mouth till he looked like a black-a-moor. Now, although black men are full as good as white men, yet, as they have very ugly, thick lips, there is no occasion to make pretty red lips look like theirs. Louisa and Mary held up their heads in general very nicely, and they had fair skins, and their necks looked white, and their

chests broad, which much pleased their Mamma; but whenever there was any company in the drawing-room, they contrived to poke down their heads, as if they were hunting for something on the floor, and to look quite hump-backed. When they were alone with their parents, they would recite any little story or poem they knew, as well as possible; but no sooner was there any company at their Mamma's, and they were asked to read, then they stood pouting and sulky, as if they were deaf and dumb. Donald, indeed, being the youngest, and seeing how his brother behaved, was much worse; for he always turned his back on the strangers, put his little finger in his mouth, and

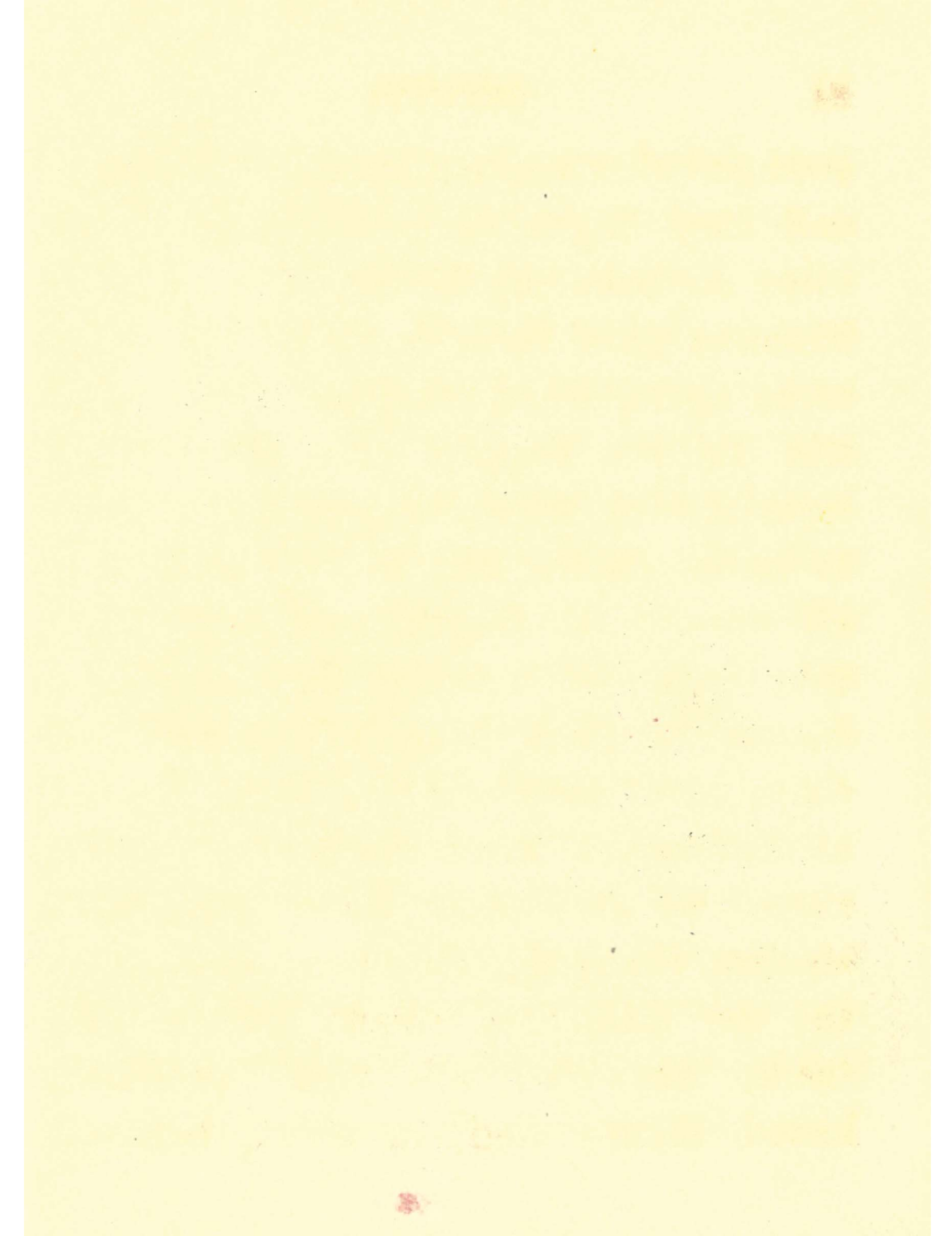
began to cry ; and if any one touched him, he shook off their hand and kicked at them. In short, after much trouble with these children, their Papa and Mamma came to a resolution never to ring for them when there was company in the drawing-room, and to send them away, when any one came in and they happened to be in the room. Soon after they had settled this plan, one morning, as George and Louisa were playing in the drawing-room, a knock at the door was heard, and two ladies came into the room : each of them had a large parcel in their hands, and the children wished much to know what was in them, as they saw a little bit of bright red, and

bright blue, peeping out at one corner of the paper. Their Mamma, the moment she had heard the knock at the door, had rung the bell twice, which was for their nurse, who came in just as the two ladies were saying "how do you do," to their Mamma. "Take George and Louisa up stairs," said their Mamma. "Oh! pray," said one of the ladies, "do not send away the young people, for I have heard say that they can read and repeat very well; and as I passed by a toy-shop, I bought two toys for the two eldest, and also a doll and a picture-book for Mary and Donald, in hopes that they would be so kind as to repeat some verses to me." "Indeed, ma'am," said

their Mamma, " I am very sorry to deny you any thing ; but my children can neither read nor repeat, or, at least, they do not choose to do it, when any one is so good as to ask them ; therefore, their Papa and I mean not to trouble our friends with their bad conduct, but to send them away when any friends of ours come to see us, and never ring for them, if they are not in the room. As we spare no trouble or expense to teach them to behave well, you may suppose it is very painful to us to see our little people behave in so absurd a manner ; but so it is, and I must beg of you to take those toys, you have been so kind as to buy for them, to some other children,

who deserve your goodness better than mine. “Martha,” said she to the nurse, “take the children up stairs.” Oh! how vexed were George and Louisa at their former naughty conduct; they walked up stairs to their brother and sister, to whom the nurse told all that had passed below, and Mary and Donald were as much vexed as the two others. Their heads were full of the toys they had seen in the papers, though they knew not what they were. This made it worse: they thought, if they could but have known what the papers held, they should have been less vexed; but to be sent away in disgrace, and to have their silly conduct told to the

strange ladies, made them quite ashamed, and they began to reflect, and to resolve on behaving better, if ever their Mamma gave them leave to be in the room again, when company came. But this did not happen very soon; they were always sent away, or not allowed to come down, and sadly vexed they all were. At length, one day, when they were out walking, they met some friends of their Mamma's, who asked them how they did. George looked at Louisa, as much as to say, Now, sister, we may show these ladies how we are changed; they then walked up to the strangers, shook hands with them, answered all their questions, kissed them; and, in short, behaved





Invitation to see Company:

just as good children ought to do. Two or three days after this, they were quite surprised at hearing the bell ring for Martha, when they knew there was company in the drawing-room; and still more so, when, on her return up stairs, she told them to have their hair brushed, and take off their pinafores, as she had orders to take them down. Down they went, full of joy at this news, and found the ladies whom they had met walking out some days before. "Come in, my loves," said their Mamma, "Mrs. Brown has been telling me how well you behaved the other day, when she was so kind as to take notice of you; and as I hope you are now

grown good, I have, at her desire, sent for you down."

The children went up to the ladies, held up their heads, and on one of them asking them if they could remember any pretty stories or poems which they had read, the two little girls, at the first request, repeated some little verses from the "Infant Minstrel," in a very pleasing and correct manner; and George, on being asked to repeat something, said "The Busy Bee," a little hymn of Dr. Watts's. The ladies thanked them; and turning to each other, one said. "How odd, that Mrs. White should tell us, that these dear little children would never read or repeat when asked; and that George

hung down his head, and pouched out his mouth, and that Louisa was quite hump-backed. I am surprised that a lady should tell an untruth; but, however, I shall make a point of telling all my friends that they are very good children; for they have got a very bad character all over the town, and it is a great pity."

"No, Ma'am," said George, "Mrs. White did not tell a fib: all you have heard was very true; but both my sisters, my brother, and myself, have determined to be quite good; for our dear Mamma never sends for us down to her friends, and we are sent up stairs, if we happen to be in the room when any one comes in, and this we do not

like ; and, besides, we know it vexes our dear good Mamma, and that hurts us more than any thing."

Mrs. Brown was much pleased with George's conduct ; in particular with his telling the truth, and not letting Mrs. White be accused of telling a fib, when she had not done any such thing ; and she kissed and praised them all, and soon after went away, glad to have it in her power to say every where, how good her friend's children were grown.

As soon as she was gone, their Mamma clasped them all in her arms ; and said, " Now, my dears, you have made amends for your former faults, and you shall, from this time, return to the draw-

ing-room, as usual; for you will now, I am sure, give us as much pleasure by your presence, as you gave us pain before; and I am quite proud of my little darlings."

How glad were the children at this: they jumped and skipped about like birds, and were in such good spirits all day, that it was quite pleasant to see them. In about a week, they were again sent for; and how great was their joy, on entering the room, to see the same ladies, with the same parcels in their hands, who, some time back, had been sent away, on account of their bad conduct.

When they came into the room, one of the ladies said, "I was yesterday at

Mrs. Brown's, and there I heard the change that had taken place in you, my young friends; and, therefore, as I have no doubt now, that your Mamma will allow you to accept them, I have again brought the toys I had with me the other day, which I put by for you, hoping to hear good news of you soon. The ladies then opened the papers; and guess Louisa's joy, at seeing, for her, a small baby-house, consisting of a parlour and bed-room, fitted up with every thing she could desire; tables, chairs, grates, a bed, small dolls dressed very nicely, glass over the chimney; in short, every thing as complete as a real house: and Mary had a large wax doll, the first of the kind she had ever had, being still so young.

George came next; (of course the girls were helped first, as boys ought always to give way to girls;) he had a hay-cart, with a team of horses, which would take out and in; and in the cart, rakes and forks, and two or three men, as if going out to make hay. Donald had two books, full of pictures; and as George and Louisa could read, they were to have the pleasure of explaining them to him.

When they had spent as much time as was proper in looking at their toys, they whispered their Mamma, to know if the good ladies chose to hear them repeat any poems, and this they did, on their saying yes: and when desired to read they did it directly, as well as

they were able, and their Mamma never had cause to complain again of their conduct to strangers. They also soon lost their bad character, and gained that of being very good children.

STORY IV.

*Obstinacy.*

MR. and MRS. FORBES lived in Devonshire : their house was not quite close to the sea, but on the banks of a river, which ran into the sea. They had several children ; I think, two boys and three girls ; but the youngest girl was a baby, so we shall say nothing about her. The four eldest were called Laura, Celina, Henry, and Charles. Henry was seven years old, Laura six, Celina

five, Charles four, and the baby not above two. They were all healthy, rosy children, and had a great deal of pleasure in running and playing on the beach and by the river, and on the sands, when the tide was out.

Henry, being the eldest, ought to have been the wisest; but all his good qualities were quite spoiled, by one great fault he had, which was being as obstinate as a mule, and always thinking he knew better than his parents or teachers. And very few faults bring on worse consequences than this; for how can children know what it is right and proper to do, as well as their friends, who take care of them, and being so much older, must be so much wiser

than they can be. Henry, however, did not choose to think so ; and you shall hear what sad things happened to him, and his brothers and sisters, through his means.

The house where they lived had between it and the river, a very nice, large garden, in which the children were allowed to play and run by themselves. There were steps at the bottom of it, that led down to the river, at the end of which was fastened a very pretty boat, in which they often went, with their Papa and Mamma, with proper people to take care of them, on the water, and even quite out to the sea. And very pleasant it is, when the sun shines, and there is not too much wind,

to glide along on the fine blue waves. The children, also, had portions of the garden given to them, to do as they liked with; they had rakes, and spades, and brooms, to keep them in order; and the gardener was told to assist them in their gardening.

One day they saw him watering a bed of lovely hyacinths, and went up to admire them, and smell their sweet smell. Laura asked the gardener to put some like them in her garden. The gardener, whose name was James, said he would with great pleasure, and came with some in his apron. When they came to Laura's garden, as she had already turned up the mould, the garden was ready for the flowers, and the

gardener prepared to put them in. When he took them out of his apron, the children were surprised to see instead of flowers, dirty-looking onions ; and Laura, who was a very clever little girl, asked him what he meant by putting nasty, dirty, brown onions in her garden. “ Miss Laura,” said James, “ these onions, ugly as they look, will soon turn to flowers, like those you see, which have been forced by means of hot dung ; but these will blow in about two months.” Henry, upon hearing this, burst out into a fit of laughter : “ A good joke,” said he, “ James, you old goose ; as if you thought, though silly girls may believe you, that I can think those fine blue, pink, and white

flowers, would come from such dirty onions as these in your hand. No, no, I know better."

James, who was angry at being called an old goose, said, "As you please, Master Henry: if you like, I will give you some flowers, such as you see in the plot of ground over there." "Oh! yes," said Henry, "now, my fine fellow, you talk something like."

"And you, Miss Laura, are you content," said James, "with what I have done; or, will you also have some in full blossom." "No, James," said Laura, "I am sure you, as a gardener, must know best; therefore I will be content with what you thought best at first."

James now gave Henry some roots in full blossom, that he dug up from his Mamma's flower-plot, and Henry, highly pleased, saw them put in the ground, and laughed at his sister's folly for choosing the dirty onions.

The next day, Henry told his Mamma he had a fine show of flowers in his garden, and begged her to come and look at them. Mrs. Forbes came, and Henry was rather vexed when he saw his fine flowers hanging their heads, and looking nearly dead. "Oh! dear," said he, "this must be Laura or James, out of revenge for my being wiser than they, and not liking dirty onions better than lovely fine flowers:" and

he was running away, to scold Laura and James.—“ Stop, Henry,” said Mrs. Forbes ; “ before you accuse your sister or James, be quite sure you are in the right. You do not know, but I do, that all those fine flowers you think so lovely, in my garden, were once just such dirty onions as those you saw in James’s hand yesterday morning.”

“ Oh ! Mamma,” said Henry, “ you think I am quite silly : I cannot believe that.” “ Very well,” said his Mamma, “ as you please.” Next day, the flowers were quite dead, and fit for nothing ; and Henry gave up his garden in despair. Nothing more was said about the onions, except that Henry told every body who came to the

house, what a goose Laura was, to believe old James the gardener, who told her that dirty onions would come to flowers.

In the mean time, he often went to the sea-side, to swim a little boat he had had lately given him, in the pools of salt water he found in the sand. This little boat had sails and a rudder, and little men in it, just like a real ship; and when it was on the pool of water, it looked like a ship, and very much pleased was Henry to see it swim. One fine afternoon he went, as usual, to the pools, with his brothers and sisters. The boat looked very well, and sailed better than usual; and Henry said, "I

have a great mind to take off the string that holds it, and let it go where it likes." Laura and Celina said, "I think you had better not, dear brother, for you know Papa told you to tie a string to it; therefore, I dare say there is some good reason for his advice, as he must know better than you. "I am not so sure of that, Laura," said Henry: "do you not remember the onions?" "Yes, yes," said Laura, "I do, and we shall see, by and bye, how the onion story will end."

Henry laughed, called his sister goose and wise-acre, and took off the string of his boat. For some time it sailed very well, and certainly looked much better than when the string was tied



I have a great mind to take off the string.

to it. Henry laughed now at his sisters more than ever. Celina told him not to be too sure, and advised him to take the boat while it was safe; but this only made him more disposed to leave it, like all other obstinate people. He now, by way of showing his courage, proposed that they should run a race, and leave the boat till their return. They set off, and in about a quarter of an hour returned, and found the boat gone quite into the middle of the pool.

Henry turned pale, but was too obstinate to own he was in the wrong, and tried with a stick to reach it: he could not, however: he then stood throwing stones at it, which made bad worse.

At length, his sisters and Charles advised him to go home, and beg the manservant, or the gardener, to come back with him, with a long pole, and try to reach it. But this he would not do, as then he must have owned himself in the wrong. He stood scolding and trying to reach it, till it grew so late, Laura would stay no longer, and Henry was forced to go home with the others. When they got home, he made them promise not to tell any one about his boat ; and said, that early next morning he would go back, and contrive some means to reach the boat ; and as they were very good girls and boys, they did not choose to tell tales when desired not.

As soon as it was light, Henry asked a boy, who was in the stables, about twelve years old, to go with him to the pools ; but when he came to them, he found his boat was gone. He could not think who could have taken it away in the night, and ran backwards and forwards, thinking he had forgotten the pool ; but as he was running about, the stable-boy saw something lying on the beach, and took it up, saying, “ Why, surely, Master Henry, this can never be your boat.” Henry looked at it, and saw a boat quite destroyed, without sails and without benches, or oars, or men, or rudder : “ This,” said he, “ can never be my boat ;—and yet look !” He then turned

the boat round, and saw his own name, which had been painted on the head of it; which, though almost rubbed off by the wet, could still be made out. "Yes," said he, bursting into tears, and crying bitterly, "it is my poor, dear boat; who can have been so cruel as to serve it in this way?" "Why, where did you leave it, Master Henry?" said the stable-boy, who was called Jack. "I left it," said Henry, "in that pool you see yonder, quite far from this place; and, you know, as the boat has neither hands nor feet, it could not, therefore, come here, unless some one had brought it in their hands. I wish I knew what nasty tiresome boy or man it was, I would

give them a good cuff, if I could ; or, if not, I would beg my Papa to make them give me a new boat."

" Indeed, Master Henry," said Jack, " what brought your boat here, will not give you a new boat." " Pray, why not?" " Because, Sir, it was the sea brought it here." " The sea, Jack, that is a good joke." " No, Sir, it is no joke, but the truth. The tide ebbs and flows every six hours: it was low water last night, when you left your boat in the pool, as it is now; but had you come here at twelve o'clock in the night, you would have found the sea had been as high as the top of the beach, and the pool quite covered where you left your boat; and

if you do not believe me, I cannot help it."

Henry, as usual, did not believe what others told him; and, taking his boat, ran home to his Papa, to whom he told the whole story; asking him to find out who had done it, and telling him what the stable-boy had said about the sea. His Papa answered—"The boy was right; and I will take you a walk at twelve o'clock to-day, to show you he only spoke the truth. Now go to your breakfast."

At twelve o'clock, Mr. Forbes told Henry to get his hat and come with him. They went to the sea, and on coming near it, never was greater surprise than Henry's, on finding all the

pools covered with the sea, and the waves dashing against the beach. "Now," said his Papa, "you left your boat in one of the pools, and, of course, when the waves came over it, they dashed it about, till they had quite broken it to pieces, and carried it down to the place where you found it lying: and thus you see, Henry, you are the cause of your own misfortune, and must bear it. I hope soon you will find that your obstinate way of thinking is very foolish; and by always being sure to suffer for it, leave it off." Henry felt much ashamed, and for some time was not so obstinate.

Some weeks passed on, and nothing particular happened. One fine morning

in June, as he passed his sister's little garden, he saw her watering something with great care, and on looking down, saw some great buds and leaves just peeping out of the earth. "When did you plant these, Laura?" said he. "I did not plant them, brother Henry, it was James the gardener, who put them in two months ago. Do you not remember the dirty onions you laughed so much about: well, these are the same things, and if you do not believe me, go and ask Papa."

Mr. Forbes told him his sister was in the right; and again poor Henry was obliged to own he was in the wrong, and to regret very much his own stupid obstinacy, by which he had lost his

boat. And now his garden was empty, while his sister's was full of fine flowers; and every day she had a nosegay to give her dear Mamma, and very much she enjoyed this pleasure, while Henry felt quite ashamed and vexed at his folly.

For some time he went on better, but towards the autumn he forgot his good resolutions, and was as silly as ever; and a dreadful accident happened, owing to his naughtiness. I told you a boat was tied at the bottom of the garden, in which they often went with their Papa on the water; of course, they were forbidden even to enter this boat, without some one was with them, to take care that they did not hurt them-

selves. One day, Laura and Celina were working in their gardens, and Henry and Charles playing by the side where the boat was tied, when Henry said, "I would not give a penny, Charles, to go in the boat with Papa; but I should like to get in and manage it myself; should not you like to go with me?" "Yes, brother Henry, very much; but as Papa has told us not to do it, I dare not; for he knows best what we ought to do." "Nonsense," said Henry, "do you think I am not old enough to take care of you? and I am tired of being treated like a baby any longer. Come, come along, and do not be afraid."

Think how naughty, not only to do

wrong himself, but to teach his brother to do wrong also.

Laura saw the boys going down the steps, and ran to them, to beg Henry would not be so silly. He only laughed at her, and called her Miss Wise-acre. Laura said, "I hope, though you go down, Charles will not; and I desire, Charles, you will not go." "And I desire," said Henry, "that you will, Charles; and if you listen to Laura Goose, and Celina Wise-acre, I shall never spin your top, or bridle your horse again for you: so now take your choice."

The poor little boy, at this, went with his brother, who gave him his hand to get into the boat; but not being strong

enough to bear his brother's weight, and the boat swaying on one side, with the boys stepping into it, Henry staggered, and to save himself caught hold of the side of the boat, which turned on one side, and both the boys fell in. Laura and Celina screamed as loud as they could scream, and ran towards the gardener, who flew to the spot, and jumping into the water, seized the boys by the hair, and threw them with all his strength on the bank. . Laura, in the mean time, had run to her Papa ; though hardly able to speak through fright, she seized his hand, and calling out, " Henry ! Charles ! Oh ! come—the boat ! the boat ! " Mr. Forbes ran as fast as possible to the river, and found

the boys both safe, but Charles almost dead with fright and cold.

Mr. Forbes carried him, and James carried Henry: they were undressed and put into a warm bed, and Henry soon came to himself; but Charles was seized with a fever and cold, and very bad he was for a long time. The physician was sent for: his Mamma and Papa sat up all night long, by his bedside, crying, as there was very little hope of his life for many weeks.

What became of Henry, do you think? He dared not look up: he shut himself up in his own room, afraid to move about the house, afraid to ask if his brother was worse, and he cried

all day long. When he was called to his meals, he could not eat for sorrow ; if his Mamma looked paler than usual, he was unable to stay in the room : and oh ! how he determined, if his brother got well, never again to be obstinate. Had it not been for Laura and Celina, who gave him all the comfort they could, I believe he would have died of grief.

At last, Charles grew better, and the doctor said he would get well. Henry's heart grew light with joy, and he dared go into his father's room ; he then threw himself on his knees, and said, " Oh ! my dear Papa, forgive me ; punish me as you please, but forgive me, and look at me. Nothing

you can say or do will be half as bad as my own thoughts were, while Charles was so bad ; and had he died, I believe I should have died also. I am sure I never shall be obstinate again ; for whenever I look at Charles, I shall never fail to remember how nearly I had been the cause of his death.”

Mr. Forbes kissed his son, and said : “ Indeed, my dear Henry, I do not wonder at your being very unhappy, for you have been guilty of a great fault, which might have been the cause of a heavy misfortune ; but I see your own heart says more to you than I can, and therefore I shall say no more, nor shall it ever be mentioned again.”

From this time Henry became quite changed; he no longer chose to have his own way in every thing, but minded all that was said to him, and took the advice of those who knew better than he did.

STORY V.

*The Consequences of Fear.*

OF all the silly tricks to which children give way, I know of none more silly than being afraid of poor animals, who have no wish to hurt them. Besides that it makes them very tiresome, it also runs them into the danger they wish to shun, as was the case with Emmeline Green, a very nice little girl of four years old. You shall hear what scrapes she got into, by giving way to such folly.

Neither Mrs. Green, nor Emmeline's elder sister, Caroline, were afraid of dogs, cats, flies, cows, horses, or, in short, of any of those poor animals which are so useful to us, and without which we could not do half as well as we now do. For, you know, cows give milk, horses draw carts and coaches, cats eat the rats and mice, which otherwise would destroy all our corn, our cakes, and our bread; and as for dogs, they are the most faithful, good creatures that can possibly be, and very often have saved their master's life, by their care and attention.

But to return to Emmeline Green:—This silly child never saw a dog, without screaming and hiding her face in

her sister's or Mamma's gown ; and very often the poor dog, who thought she was at play with him, ran after her and jumped up, which, if she had stood quiet, he would, most likely, not have done.

One day Mrs. Green took a walk to see a friend, and as the two little girls had been very good, she took them with her. When they rang at the house-door, the servant came out, and Mrs. Green asked him if Mrs. Hobart, his lady, was at home ; but before he could answer, a pretty little liver-coloured and white dog, belonging to Mrs. Hobart, came jumping and frisking out of the house, and seemed glad to see the friends of his mistress. No sooner

did Emmeline see the dog, than she set up a loud scream, and hiding her face in her Mamma's gown, cried out, "Take him away!—Oh! the dog! the nasty dog." Her sister Caroline in vain begged her not to scream, took the dog up in her arms, stroked his little silky head, and showed Emmeline that he would not hurt her. This silly child still kept on screaming and crying, and holding her Mamma's gown; and her Mamma found it was impossible to be heard, or to get an answer from the man. At last, Mrs. Hobart hearing such a noise, came out, quite frightened, to know what was the matter; and as soon as the dog saw her, he ran to her. She took him up, and

giving him to the servant, ordered him to take him away.

Emmeline now grew calm, and Mrs. Hobart begged her friend to walk into the drawing-room ; when she ordered some wine and water and biscuits, to refresh them with, and begged Mrs. Green's pardon, that her dog had so much alarmed Emmeline : " But," said she, " my dear child, you need not have been so terrified ; for, I assure you, he is a very good-tempered dog, and never hurts any one."

" Pray, Madam," said Mrs. Green, " do not say any thing more about it : I am quite ashamed that my little girl should have shown you what a silly child she is ; but I see I must never take

her out with me till she is older, and I hope wiser ; for I really cannot submit myself, nor expect my friends to submit, to such a noise as she chooses to make whenever she sees a dog. And one person has no right to disturb a whole party ; therefore, Caroline and I, in future, must leave Emmeline at home." Soon after this, Mrs. Green went home, when she was forced to lie on the bed all the afternoon, as she was much frightened by Emmeline's behaviour, and made quite ill by it.

After this, Mrs. Green always left Emmeline at home with the maids, when she went to see any of her friends, and sent her out of the room when any friends came to see her, for fear they

should have dogs with them. Emmeline by this lost many very pleasant parties, and did not see many pretty things which her sister enjoyed. But this is not the worst of what happened, as you shall hear. One very fine summer evening, the two little girls went out to walk in the fields with their maid, and to pick flowers and wild strawberries, in some little baskets they had for the purpose. For some time they went on very happily, till Emmeline saw a poor, harmless fly, perch on one of the brier-roses she had put into her basket. Down she threw it, strawberries and all; and of course they were all tumbled into the ditch, amongst the nettles and dirty water;

so there was an end of all her pleasure, both in giving a nosegay to her dear Mamma, and eating her fine wild strawberries for her supper with fresh milk. It is true, when Caroline saw her sister cry, she very kindly gave her half her strawberries; but still it was a pity, you know, to lose so much nice fruit and flowers, for so silly a trick as being afraid of a fly,—a poor harmless fly, which never hurt any one in the world.

When they got home, Caroline presented her Mamma with a fine nosegay of wild-flowers. Her mamma thanked her, and said, “Why does not my Emmeline also give me some flowers; I am sure she loves me as well as her sister.” Emmeline hung down her

head, as well she might, for she was ashamed to own how silly she had been ; and Caroline was too good-natured to tell tales, therefore the maid was asked, and told the whole.

Mrs. Green said, “ I fear, my poor, dear child, you will never leave off your silly ways, till some serious accident happens to you : but I cannot help it : I have said all I can to you, and if you will be a little goose, you must bear what you meet with. Many more such mortifications did poor Emmeline meet with ; but still she never saw a dog, or a cat, or a fly, but she made the same fuss.

At length something so terrible happened to her, that she was quite cured

of her folly : you shall hear what it was.

One day, as she was at play with her sister in the garden, a poor tame cat, which was watching for garden-mice, came up to her, and purring, as cats do when they want to be noticed, rubbed herself against the little girl's frock. This was enough for Emmeline : giving a loud scream, she ran away. The cat thinking her in play, ran after her, jumping and purring ; but when Emmeline saw this, she ran in, and opening the gate at the bottom of the garden, ran down a green lane, and from thence got over a style ; and her sister, who, as soon as she heard the gate shut, called the maid, and followed Emmeline as

fast as she could, soon lost sight of her. They went on, however, but could not find her. At last, after hunting every where for an hour, they found her in a pitiable state. She had run on, without looking where she went, screaming as loud as she could, "The cat! the cat!" till she was stopped by something which scratched her face, hands, and neck. She thought it was a great number of cats, and, with her eyes shut, she kept beating with her hands, stamping and kicking with her feet, and screaming. At length she was so entangled, she could move no longer, and something pulled her down to the ground: and what do you think all this was? Why, not a cat, but a thick bramble hedge,

into which she had run in her hurry, to escape from the poor cat, who would not have touched her or hurt her at all.

Now she was indeed most sadly hurt; her face, hands, and arms were torn and covered with blood; her muslin frock was quite in rags and strips; her petticoat also torn to pieces; her tippet and white bonnet entirely destroyed; in short, when her sister saw her, she was quite frightened, as was the maid. They took her up, and asked her what was the matter. It was a long time before she could speak, and when she did, she only said, "Oh! save me, save me from the cats."—"The cats," said Caroline, "why, Emmeline, what have you got in your head. No cat is near you; but you

have fallen into a hedge, and are covered with scratches and blood, and all your clothes spoiled: do open your eyes and look." Emmeline would have been very glad to have done so; but, alas! her eyes were quite closed with the thorns and brambles which had scratched them, and she could not open them.

The maid took her home in her arms, and when her Mamma heard what had happened, she washed the blood off with weak brandy and water; but, weak as it was, it made the scratches smart sadly; and her eyes were obliged to be poulticed with bread and milk, and as she could not see to read, or play, or

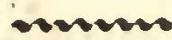
walk, she was obliged to sit all day doing nothing, in her little chair, and it was a week, or more, before she got well.

While this was going on, she reflected how foolish it was to be afraid of poor, little, harmless animals ; and she resolved when she got well, to leave off such a silly custom. When next she saw a dog, she tried to conquer her fears. She held by her Mamma's hand ; and although she grew very red, she did not scream out. Her Mamma praised her very much ; and when she saw the dog did not hurt her, she took courage ; and finding a cat, soon after, in the parlour, she not only did not cry or scream, but she gave it a bit of meat. Puss

purred, and was quite fond of her ; and, by degrees, Emmeline grew so good a little girl, that, at the time I am writing this story, she has a cat sitting behind her chair at dinner, and a dog lying at her feet ; and though the table is half covered with flies, she never says a word.

So, you see, much may be done by little girls, if they resolve not to be such silly creatures, even if they are afraid at first.

STORY VI.



ROSA;

Or, Passion subdued.

ROSA BANKS, the same little girl whose story you heard related with regard to her little sister, was, as you know, a very good and pleasant child, and was the joy and delight of her Mamma's heart; and, had it not been for one sad fault, she had not as yet courage to conquer, she would have

been reckoned quite a pattern for other little girls. This fault, however, was a great one. She had a way of ordering and speaking to all about her, in a tone of voice quite different from that in which her Mamma spoke. If she wanted any thing done, instead of saying, "If you please, Henry," to the footman ; or, "Will you be so good, Hannah?" to the maid, she used to say, "Give me this ;" or, "Do that—Put me close to the table—Pick up my doll ;" or, in short, whatever she wanted, she asked for in that improper manner.

The servants did what she desired, because they loved her Mamma, and were fearful of making her angry ; but

they did not love Rosa as they would have done, had she been civil, and spoken like a lady, instead of that vulgar and commanding tone of voice, which made them quite dislike to come into the room where she was.

Mrs. Banks had spoken many times to her about this fault; but Rosa was so much inclined to command and order, that she still continued to do it.—Indeed, as bad tricks, by indulgence, become quite habits, she found it much more difficult than she would have done, had she taken pains at first. At last, her Mamma gave an order to all the servants in the house, never to do any thing for Miss Rosa, unless she asked for it in a pro-

per manner. The day after this order was given, it was a very fine day, and being in the month of May, the fields were covered with violets, primroses, and cowslips. There was nothing Rosa liked better than picking these sweet wild-flowers during her walk, and bringing them home in a little basket.

The hour for walking being come, the maid, who was called Hannah, fetched the children's tippets, and straw bonnets, and gloves; and, as little Agnes happened to stand next her, she began to put on her walking things first, little thinking that Rosa would be such a goose as to care whether she was dressed first or not. Rosa said, "Hannah, put on my

gloves. I want them put on. Put them on, I say." Hannah, who had been ordered by Mrs. Banks never to obey Rosa when spoken to in that manner, did not answer; but, according to the orders she had received, pretended to be deaf. Rosa repeated what she had said two or three times; and finding Hannah determined not to answer her, instead of changing her manner, and asking properly for what she wanted, she grew as red as fire; her eyes quite flashed with rage; she could hardly speak for passion; and, stamping with her feet on the ground, she looked more like a picture I have seen of a fury, than like little, delicate Rosa Banks.



Rosa quite ashamed to see herself in the glass.

The maid let her go on till she had finished with Agnes, and then turned round, and said, "Miss Rosa, I have received your Mamma's orders never to hear you when you speak in that manner; if you choose now to ask me properly, I am quite ready to attend you." Rosa on this grew worse, and at last was in such a rage, that it was not possible to hear what she said. She grew black in the face, and flew about the room like a mad girl.

Hannah, tired of waiting, took Agnes by the hand, and the little baskets, and went out, leaving Rosa by herself in the nursery. She continued to cry and stamp some time; till, raising her eyes to a glass near her, she saw what a

figure she was looking at, and stopped short, quite ashamed to think how like a fool, and how unlike a clever little girl she had behaved. She sat down, quite unable to look up again, and began to turn over in her own mind, what a foolish child she had been ; and when she looked out of the window, and saw how bright the sun shone, and heard how sweetly the birds were singing, and smelt the fresh, mild air of spring, she was very sorry her own folly had prevented her from going to look for the flowers, as she meant to have done.

Standing at the window, and leaning her head on her hand, she cast a sorrowful look on the green trees and grass. Her Mamma happened to come into the

nursery, and not knowing that Rosa was there, she started when she saw her standing at the window, and said: "My dear child, I thought you were out in the air, enjoying this lovely day; what is the reason that I find you here alone, with tears in your eyes and so much colour in your cheeks? But I need not ask, for I see, by your downcast looks, that you have been naughty, and very much vexed I am to see it. However, with your usual candour, you will, I well know, tell me the truth, and I may depend on what you say; for you never yet have told me a falsehood, and I place great confidence in your words on that account."

Rosa was much pleased to find her

Mamma placed confidence in her words, and determined never to give her cause to change her opinion of her: she cast down her eyes, and turned her head away, while she told her Mamma the whole truth, and how sorry she was that she had been so silly and lost her walk.

Her Mamma, seeing that she was quite vexed at herself, did not add to her grief by scolding her; but gave her a kiss, thanked her for telling the truth, and said, “ Indeed, my dear Rosa, you will find that the trick you have got, of speaking to those about you in so rough a manner, will render you very unhappy; and for that reason I have ordered them never to attend you when you do it. And as you and I are left alone, and can now talk quietly, without fear that your

little sister, who is not old enough to understand us, should hear what we talk about, I beg you will listen to me.—You know it is some months ago, that I taught you that God made the heavens and the earth. Now God can see every thing we do at all times ; and when you are good, God is pleased with you, and when you are naughty, he is angry with you. And he sees what I do also ; and if I did not take pains to correct you of your faults, and to make you good, I should not do my duty, and God would then be angry with me, and very justly too. But if it is my duty to take care of you, and break you, by my example and good advice, of your foolish tricks and faults ; it is your duty to mind what I say, and render my task as easy as you

can. Now nothing can be more displeasing to God, than to see a little girl, he has made so pretty and so clever, change herself into a little monster, and strain her sweet voice by screaming and crying. But, at the same time, it pleases him very much to see you are sorry for your faults, and that you told me the truth, above all things ; for nothing is more pleasing to God, than truth : and whenever you, my sweet girl, feel inclined to be in one of your passions and pets again, if you think of this, I am sure you will check yourself in time, and become good, and then you will have more merit, than if you had been good at first."

Rosa told her Mamma she would try to do as she advised her ; and hoped, in a little time, to be as good as she could

desire. By this time the nurse-maid and Agnes returned from their walk, and as soon as Rosa saw them, she ran up to Hannah, and asked her pardon for her former conduct, and promised not to behave in so absurd a manner again. The maid forgave her, and her Mamma praised her very much for having asked pardon of her own accord: as the best thing to make amends for having done wrong, is to confess our fault, and ask pardon of the person you have offended.

The next day at table, Rosa was on the point of forgetting herself again: she asked for drink in a very haughty, imperious tone; and, as the man-servant pretended not to hear her, she was just going to be in a passion, when what her Mamma had said to her the day before, came into her

mind, and she checked herself, and said : “ If you please, Henry, a glass of toast and water ;” and the man gave it her directly.

Her Mamma cast at her a glance of approbation, which seemed to say, “ You are a good girl, and God is pleased with you ;” but she did not speak out loud, as Agnes was not old enough to understand these things.—But Rosa quite understood her Mamma, and in a very short time, by always checking herself when inclined to be violent, she became one of the mildest and most gentle little girls I ever saw.

THE END.

